Is the keeper of the keys. When the children sleep, and the old clocks

Awake in the tall church fower

And then, as it swings on his bilages, And then as it is also in a large.
Whoever might peer asslike
Would catch a glimpse of the centuries
That behind in the silence hide.
Expt seed It me and Tyre.
All in that mythical place

Where the old years rest that were once po-

By the wonderful buman race.

The shadowy door swings open, The shadowy door awings open, And a polymen enters in. Bowed with a twelve-menths' strongle. In this world of strike and all. Waft him a farence ligreeting! He will pass no more this way—This weary your who must disappear in the haven of youterday.

The door still exingeth open, And outward another comes. With a stir of bunners and bunies And the beat of friendly drams;

His hands are full of beauty-The cluster, the song, the sheaf, The snow flatte's wing, and the budding apring. And the fears on the created rest.

This is the New Your, durings, Our haste to give him cheer. Only the Father knoweth

Only the Father knoweth
This is the New Year, darlings:
A year for work and play,
For doing one best, and for trusting the rest
To the Maker of mint and day.
—Margaret E. Sancster, in Harper's Young
People.



ountry store six miles distant.

It was the last day of December, and a lovely afternoon. There was no snow on the prairies of southern Kansas to welcome in the New Year to begin on the morrow. Cattle fed on the wild grass, and red birds flitted gleefully among the sunflower stalks that lined the routside

Suddenly Sessie became aware of the prairie to her sight. Something in the manner of his riding told her who it was, and a warm flush sprend itself over her fair face.

gaze - "I-1 mean Mr. Hartley," she quickly corrected herself.

"Let it be 'Tom,' as it used to be," he

"If it wasn't for that old fuss," she

"Hother that old fuss! We needn't keep that up between us if our dads away. it, and it's time they turned that old leaf down. But if they don't it's New Year's to-morrow, Bessie, and we'll be gin a new one on our own account. I'm bound to win you." But the girl's face looked uneasy, father,

and she strove to change the subject. "When did you get home, Mr. Hart-

Only this morning, Miss Fowler,? Hang the 'Mr. Hartley!'

"Oh, Tom?" That sounds better, if the tone were

Bessie, knowing her father as she did, might have warned Tom of the uselessness of such an interview. But if they only would he was so handsome, so much imjust returned: then what girl does not cossess sufficient faith in her lover to believe him capable of accomplishing whatever he undertakes, even to the storming of an obdurate parent's

So, side by side, the young couple rode away together toward Big Elm, an isolated country post office, kept by Beaste's father. Here, twice a week, the scattered settlers and cattlemen of that region received their mail, which carried from a little railway station thirty-seven miles to the east.

Tom Hartley, a handsome, manly fellow of twenty-four, just home from a good college, was the son of a prosparous ranchman, who lived nearly eight miles from Big Elm. Time had been when his and Bessie's fathers were famous friends. As boys they had grown up on adjoining farms in Illinois ing off across the prairie, leaving its When men they had married play- master where he had fallen mates, two lovely girls, and with their families had come to Kansas. They had formed a partnership in the cattle business, and for several years they had prospered reasonably well Mrs.

out school, and laid the foundation of a lasting attachment, which strengthened with the years that brought the rancher's boy to noble manhood, and the girl to winsome womanhood.

Then had come the disagreement. Fowler had grown tired of the cattle business and wished his partner to buy him out. At last Hartley consented. but in the settlement there was some trifling mistake made. It was in Hartley's favor, and Fowler had ac-cused his friend of trying to cheat him.

It is a very small thing which may plant the perverse seeds of discord in dialogue; hearts that have long been united. "So Ok Hartley was a man of quick temper and had warmly denied the charge. quarrel had followed, and the families by a bitter estrangement.

transaction earefully, flartley saw the mistake, which was one of only a few mistalls, which was one to only a dollars. He had hastened to Fowler the old woman and gal?"

to right the error, but the postmaster "That's all, R'll take old Fowler to right the error, but the postmaster had obstinately refused to accept any apology or amendment. Too proud to sue again for a reconciliation. Hurtley had walked away with an injured air. A three years' estrangement had

The postmaster of Big Elm was watching from the window of his cabin as the young couple rode into the yard | Big | Elim this afternoon. and halted.

"Say, mother," he cried, with sudden excitement, "ain't that young Tom Hartley out there with Bess?"

Kind-faced Mrs. Fowler looked over ber husband's shoulder from the win dow and surveyed the handsome young fellow who was in the act of assisting Bessie to dismount.

"Why, I do believe it is Tom," she re turned. "How handsome he's grown

"Handsome, the dickens!" and he strode toward the door angrily. "I'll pay him for his impudence in ridin' with our Bess."

Flinging the door open he faced Bessie's escort with an angry flash in his

eyes. "I don't ask any odds of any Hartley," he said, gruffly, brushing Tom aside. "I can help my own gal off her

"Father!" mildly remonstrated Mrs. Fowler from the doorway.

"I mean it!" he went on, rudely dragging Bess from her saddle. "Now you go in the cabin and stay there, Bess, and yes," to Tom, "get on your beast and rule back to your dad's ranch. I ain't goin' to have you hangin' 'round here, fillin' my gal's head full o' non-

Bess staggered into her mother's arms, and hid her burning face on that sympathetic breast. Tom Hartley's indignation was aroused against the old man, but by a great effort he con-trolled himself to speak calmly:

"See here, Mr. Fowler, what's the sense in letting your old misunderfull of pack sense in letting your old misunder ages which she list purchased at the standing with father separate Bessle and me? I love her truly, and I believe could make her very happy," went on, fearlessly. "It's New Year's to-morrow, and I think you and father ad better bury that old fuss and be friends again. He's willing if you are. It would make Mrs. Fowler and mother happy, I know. Come, begin the New Year with all the old disputes and dislikes cast away, and let approach of a horseman across the Bessie and me enjoy an unclouded happiness.

Fowler, admiring Tom Hartley's spirit, although he was resolved to be unre-"Good morning. Bessie," he greeted leating. "You can tell your father I her, reining his horse in by the side of ain't willing to make up if he is. I her pony, and looking the love which ain't forgot all he said, and I'd just as from Charley. A half pint of brandy sling, sat on a table, which had been placed directly over the trap-doc-"Good morning, Tom," she returned, Year with that old fuss as with anyunder his beaming thing else. Ride on, and don't com back to Big Elm any more. You can't have Boss, and you're not needed here, and, pushing his wife and daughter into the cabin, he shut the door almost in Tom's face.

Stinging with indignation, the young fellow mounted his horse and rode As he passed the window he do," he laughed. "There's no sense in had a brief glimpse of pretty Bess crying her dark eyes red on her mother's shoulder. The sight almost maddened him, and he felt disposed to ride back. force an entrance, and carry her away from "that unreasonable ogre," her

"But who knows?" he communed with himself. "The New Year may bring about something for Bessle and No need to make the fuss worse, imitating her formality. "And behold if I haven't done so already. Maybe how I am repaid for my devotion the old man will cool off a little. I'll the old man will cool off a little. I'll wait and see," and he rode on.

Then be began calling his father and the postmaster at Big Elm rather unonly more cheerful. See here! I'm pleasant names for being so foolish as going to ride back with you to Big to allow a slight mistake to cause such Elm, and have a talk with your a disruption of friendship. Why couldn't folks exercise more more dispassion in the affairs of business? It would save so much trouble

The sun had set. Darkness was setproved by the two years spent in a tling over the prairie, and the stars northern college, from which he had were beginning to appear here and there in the blue vault above him. But. unheeding the lateness, Tom Hartley rode on, he cared not where. He was in no mood to go home, and, as a kind of reaction of the condemnation he had been showering out, his heart became heavy, and he began to entertain apprehensions of his ever being able to

win Bessie Fowler. It was growing chilly, so he spurred his horse into a reckless gallop. This rate of travel suited him better, and he let the spirited animal go as fast as he

They had just entered some low, woody bluffs along a stream, when the norse caught one of its forefeet in a deep rut and stumbled, flinging its rider violently to the rocky ground.

Frightened at its own mishap, the horse extricated himself and went tear-

Tom Hartley was too stunned to move for several minutes. When he did at last attempt to rise he realized the door behind him, she cried: that his right arm was badly sprained. But congratulating himself on hav- father?"

Fowler and Mrs. Hartley were on terms ing escaped worse injury, he started of the most sisterly intimacy. Tom toward the stream, resolved to refresh and Bessie went to the same little dug-himself with a sup of water, then hurry to the ranch, where he knew the return of his horse without its rider would create alarm.

He was picking his way around a bluff when voices suddenly uttracted his attention

Two men were earnestly engaged in mehe halted.

He was about to pass on when he he he had overheard.

This described him to listen, and, slipping into a dark niche of the bloff, with white face. Tom diartley overheard the following all aid, and your arm hurt that way-

"So Old Fowler never mistrusted the

message wasn't 0. K?" post o owes Mr. Gray for money loaned him ce so friendly were soon separated to pay off his mortgage, and when I in a room which had once been used

till after midnight to get to Gray's, and by that time we'll have that registered letter in our own paws. "How did you find out Old Townson

had a registered letter at Big Elin? "From his cow puncher, Rum Char-

ley. We're good friends, and I met Charley as he was riding back from He was ewearin' high at Old Fowler for not your rosm. See that all the windows

"He's all right, I believe, only gone on a false errand. "False errand! What do you mean,

No matter. Is there a valuable letter in the post office for Ranchman Tompson?" he asked

"You must be brave, Bessie, and help Mowley and another villain will conversation not ten feet from where make a raid on the post office to-night to get possession of it," and he briefly related the plot of the robbers whom

> "What can we do?" said the girl, with white face. "We're so far from "Never fear, Bessie; we'll baffle them some way. Let us go into the post office. I want to take some

The post office of Big Eim was kept told him that Gray wanted to see him as the Fowler kitchen. A long table Once, however, after he shad cooled at once on important business, he surmounted with a box divided off into lower and went over the business rucked right out on his pony without rade pigeon holes for holding the mail ransaction carefully. Hartley saw the asking me another question.* "Then there's nobody at Big Eim but large drawer, which contained the postal supplies and all valuable letters coming to or leaving the office.

The room had only one window while just beneath it was a large trap-door, leading into the cellar. Tom received an idea

"Bessie, is the outside cellar door locked?"

"Yes; securely."
"Well, you take Tompson's letter and all the stamps and hide them in



LAYING THE PLOT TO ROB THE POST OFFICE

ettin' him have a registered letter; are secured, then put out the lights that had just come in for the boss.

Fowler said he'd deliver it into no Half-way to Gray's ranch, hands except Tompson's own wouldn't accept Rum Charley's receipt that Mr. Gray was not at home for it, and that's what made him so Guessing at once that he was the vio It's an important letter, contain-

in' one thousand dollars from Hepley's ally back to Big Eim bank in payment of a check old Tomp-"Maybe Old Tompson will post right | him that something must be wrong. over to Big Elm this evenin' for his

letter. in my pocket did the work. The money's at Big Elm, Old Fowler's on

do is to help ourselves." "But what if the women give us

trouble?" "We'll wait till they're in bed, before we raid the post office. I know the came," Tom answered. we raid the post office. I know that ground well. It'll be easy enough, but if Bess and the old woman give us thing was wrong."

"What does it mean? I feared some thing was wrong."

"Some villains tried to rob the post." Come on over to the cabin. Pete. We'll need something to brace us up. The night's gettin' cold."

So the plotters walked away, leaving Tom to digest as well as he could what

he had heard. "The post office to be robbed!" he to himself, as he cautiously away from the bluff. "Fowler summoned off by a false message. and Bessie and her mother alone! told me I wasn't needed at Big Elm. but I rather think I am now, and as I'm nearly five miles away I haven't a minute to spare," and, despite the pain in his arm, Tom walked briskly away

across the prairie He recognized in the leader of the plotters Dave Mowley, a new settler of questionable character, who had a small cabin near those bluffs. By some w persons he was secretly suspected of having some connection with an outlaw gang of Indian Territory; but he had managed to keep up a semblance of respectability by working part of his time for Gray, a wealthy stockman,

some twenty miles from Big Elm. "Mowley has appeared in his true character at last," Tom remarked, as he hurried along toward Fowler's cabin. "But I'll foil him."

Then he remembered his injured right arm. He could not use his revolver easily with his left hand. What was

"I'll prove a poor match against those two villains, my arm this way," he said "There's not a house along this trail where I can stop for help, and it's too far to go home and tell them. The least delay now is dangerous. I must

save Bessie or die in the attempt." Bessie Fowler was putting out the light, preparatory to retiring, when a gentle rap on the window-pane startled

"Oh, Tom! What's the matter?" "Hush! Don't alarm your mother yet. Let me into the kitchen at once."

She quickly complied. As she closed "Oh, Tom! Is something wrong with

Half-way to Gray's ranch, Fowler He met one of the cowboys who told him tim of a false me essage, he rode frantic

It was nearly midnight, and a dim light burning in the post office assured Jumping from his borse, he flung the door wide open, and stood staring at

Bessie with her father's trusty Win-

his way to Gray's, and all we've got to chester stood beside him. Strange, muttered curses came from the cellar. "Tom Hartley! You here?" eried the postmaster, recovering his speech.

"Yes; I thought I was needed, so I

office, but I have them trapped," Tom pointed significantly toward the

In as few words as he could use Tom elated to Fowler how he had over heard the plot, and how he had hastened to the cabin and prepared things for the reception of the robbers, send ing them beadlong through the trap-door the minute they had entered

through the window. "Tom," and the old man's voice was husky as he grasped Tom's left h 'you've saved us. I haven't words to thank you. But it's all right. See! and he pointed to the old clock on the wall. It was ready to strike twelve. "The Old Year's dving; let the old fass die with is " "Amen!" said Tom and Bess together.

as their hands joined. And the old bitterness passed out with the Old Year, and the dawn of the

New smiled upon the revival of the old friendly feeling between the Hartleys and the Fowlers. The robbers were turned over to the proper authorities, and the Hartleys

came over to Big Elm to celebrate the reconciliation by partaking of a good old-fashioned New Year's dinner with the postmaster's family.
"Accordin' to my thinking." Fowler, carving the wild turkey browned to a turn, "folks who keet

nursing old fusses throws away lots of

golden time to do good to each other An. H. Ginson. A minute's pause, while o'er the face of nigh A sciemn silence reigns, and far and near A million tongues are hushed, ere wings his

The spirit of the old and dying year. A moment's passe, and on the city's heart A pail has fallen, and a muffied bell Proclaims the hour of midnight as the dart Of Time descends—then dies the old years knell

Then, clanging wildly to the listening car, From spire and steepie comes the joyous pen Of bells that weldome in the infant rear. Fraught with the wish of happiness and weat

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

-Cocoanut Jumbles: One cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sugar, o egg, one teaspoon sola, one cup of milk one heaping cup of coconnut, a little nutmeg, flour to roll, cut in square pieces and fald over the edges, or cut in long, narrow strips.—Boston Budget.

-Orange Jelly: Soak half a box of gelatine in two teacopfuls water, add the julee of three lemons, the grated rind of one and one quart boill Strain and stir it into three teacupfuls of sugar. Remove the skins and seeds from eight or ten oranges, cut them into a dish and pour over the jelly and orange juice. Set in a cool place until next day.—Orange Judd

Partridge Soup: A brace of old partridges make splendid soup. Out them up, together with some celery, a slice of hum, and an outon. Toss them in a little butter until they are so what browned; stew them down in five pines of water for two hours. Strain the scop, make it hot again, and add to it some small pieces of teast, and a litthe stawed colory, pleely seasoned

-Egg Puffs: Beat the white of one egg solid, cut around the outside of the egg so as to loosen from the jar or bowl. Gently remove it with a spoon and by the egg, flat side down on a buttered pan. Scoop out a small hole in the top of the egg and drop the whole yolk in the center. Bake until a light brown. A little salt sprinkled in the white, while whipping it, will cause the eng to retain its shape after the egg is taken out of the oven. Serve hot, sprinkled with salt and pepper.

-There are few things more unsatisactory than modern fire linings. The bricks are easily eracked and frequently last but a few months, while in other cases they are often in use for years. It is a great mistake to allow the firebriels to get in bad order. There is an iron plate back of the firebriels in every stove, but this is easily burned through and it costs a large sum to replace it. Therefore, it is a matter of noment whenever there is a crack in the fire bed of the store, and it should be mended at once, or the broken bricks should be replaced. -N. Y. Tribune.

-Amherst Pudding: Chop one cup of firm suct very fine. Stir together one cup of molasses, one of milk, half a tenspoonful each of sait and sola, the latter dissolved in a little hot water; one cup of stoned and chopped raisins, me of currents, half a tenspoonful each of cinnamon and allspice. Beat all to-gether and put in a buttered mold not more than three-quarters full. Put it in bolling water and boil steadily four hours. Serve hot with hard sauce nolasses sauce is oftentimes used, and is made by boiling a cup of molasses with one of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; add a tablespoonful of butter and a tablespoonful of corn starch dissolved in a little cold water and serve hot.-Boston Heraid.

MARVELS OF INSTINCT.

Wooderful Adaptability of Animals to Their Circumstances. Their Circuit Did you ever stop to consider the mar-

hirds and animals? Take the solitary

wasp, the "mud-dauber," if you please

as an illustration of instinctive sense which seems to me to be equally as deirable as mind and reason. In providng for the magget or worm that is to he hatched from her egg, this lowly insect brings soft spillers and grabs, a species of food which she has never titsted since she became a wasn, and deposits them directly over the eggs from which the children she is do never see will finally issue. What inward sense of motherly duty tells this creature that her soon-to-be motheries children will need a meatfoot during the time they are preparing for their first transformation? Yet the life history of every species of insect shows wonderful exhibitions of instinct or marvelous foresight. The butterfly lays her eggs on the plants best callated to furnish food for the grab that will lintch from them; the seventeenrear locust, Cleuda septemdecem, lays its eggs in holes bored in the ends of limbs, the boring always, or nearly always, being done in such a manner a to cause the limb to break off with the first wind, thus bringing the insect into immediate contact with the earth. future home, as soon as he is hatched. The young chicken is anothe good linstration of the marvels of instinct. In releasing himself from the shell he does not do so by bursting the prison walls asunder, as many persons imagine; on the contrary he cuts his way out by a regular serie of strokes. For this cutting operation the bird has an instrument specially provided, an instrument for which there is no other earthly use-a sharp, hard, toothlike horn on the top of the upper mandible. This cutter, having served its purpose, wholly disappears within a few days. Isn't it wonderful how a bird in an eggshell, one that has never breathed the breath of life in the true sense of the word, understands the use of an instrument that will soon become useless to it, and how that marvelous faculty called instinct directs the imprisoned creature how and where to cut in order to most easily

and effectually free Itself?-St. Louis Orchid Tea.

Republic.

A tea made from a species of orchid has been drank for some fifty years in France, and although it is an expensive luxury, finds an ever increasing sale. It is prepared from Angracum fragrans, a species allied to the vanilla plant, which has a strong aromatic odor. The leaves and stalks are simply dried, without any application of heat; and, to make the tea, a small quantity of them is placed in a closed vessel filled with cold water. solled for ten minutes. As with ordinary tea, milk, sugar, or rum may be added to this decoction or not, according to taste, and it is said to be equally agreeable whether drunk cold or hot. Material sufficient to furnish fifty cups costs about fifty cents, and its name in Paris, as in Mauritius, whence the cus tom of using it is said to have come, is "fahum."-Garden and Foress.

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